

The Indiana State Sentinel.

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MORMON TROUBLES.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from Warsaw, under date of Sept. 11, gives the following particulars of another outbreak in the Mormon neighborhood:

"On Tuesday morning last, the 9th inst., an attack was made on a school house in Rocky Run Precinct, by some persons unknown, but supposed to be Mormons, in which there was at the time of the attack a convention of Anti-Mormons, or old settlers of the county. The door and windows of the house were completely riddled by the shots fired by the assailants. The attacking party approached under cover of the woods and bushes, and fired one round and fled. No person was injured, but many were, I presume, much frightened at this sudden and unexpected assault. The old settlers in that section of the county, armed themselves for defence, and if they are backed by their friends in other parts of the county, blood will flow.

By a messenger just in, who came to purchase lead, powder, flints, &c., I learned that four buildings were burned down last night, and one man shot, and very badly wounded, but not mortally. Yesterday, thirteen wagons, loaded with furniture, were seen wending their way to the city of Refuge, (Nauvoo.)

"2 o'clock, P. M. Another messenger has just arrived from the country, and reports that large bodies of Mormons are patrolling the southern parts of the county, and that a number of families from the interior are on their way to Warsaw, seeking protection. I can form no opinion what the result will be.

Latest Intelligence—Houses burned—a conflict apprehended.

Office of the Daily Morning Courier.

Quincy, Adams co., Ill., Sept. 14, 1845.

Gentlemen—We write in haste to inform you of a serious disturbance that has taken place in the upper part of this county, between a portion of the "old citizens" of this and Hancock county, and the Mormons. A gentleman belonging to this city, returned from Lima, in the vicinity of the outbreaks, last evening, and informs us that on Thursday last the anti-Mormons attacked a settlement known by the name of "Morley's Settlement," a short distance north east of Lima, in this county, and that up to the time he left, twenty-five or thirty houses had been burnt, together with several barns and wheat stacks. The excitement was very great, and large numbers of anti-Mormons were pouring in from the adjoining counties and from Missouri, and they were still burning and destroying property, and were determined to drive the Mormons out of the county. Our informant saw about 500 Mormons under arms, within about two miles from the settlement, who appeared determined to defend themselves. It was in contemplation by the anti-Mormons to attack two more settlements last evening.

In haste, yours, &c.

The St. Louis Republican, from which the following is taken, says:

"In addition to what is stated in the above letter, we learn by the Die Vernon, that the gentleman who had visited the camp of the anti-Mormons, near Lima, estimated them to be about one hundred strong. He was also at the camp of the Mormons, and found them to number about one hundred. After leaving the camps, he returned to Warsaw, where he remained some time, and learned there that the Mormons had all moved into Nauvoo, and that Backenstos, the Mormon Sheriff, had ordered the Legion to arrest those who had commenced these disorders. If this report should be true, and the Legion turns out, a conflict is inevitable. A letter to Messrs. Matthews & Feich, of this city, on Saturday evening, from Warsaw, says that business was suspended, on account of the difficulties with the Mormons, and that several houses had been burned and lives lost."

STILL LATER.

We have just received a ship from the Illinois State Register, dated Sunday, Sept. 21, as follows:

We issue an extra for the purpose of furnishing the latest news from Hancock.

It appears that the anti-Mormons continued their work of destruction until upwards of 100 houses were consumed. Sheriff Backenstos failed in raising a posse strong enough to stop these movements without resorting to Nauvoo, owing to the fear of all well-disposed persons in the country, that their own houses might be consumed. We learn that he had raised about 500 men, from Nauvoo, all well armed, with which he had dispersed the rioters, commanded by Col. Williams, at Green Plains.

In this affair no lives were lost, as the "Antis" run and took shelter in a corn-field, before the posse came within firing distance.

Backenstos had been driven away from Carthage, and returned with about 500 men, to remove his family; on his retreat, he fell in with a large body of anti-Mormons, when a battle ensued. It is said that eighteen anti-Mormons and three Mormons were killed. It appears that Williams, Sharp, Davis and other leaders, escaped. A large number of the anti-Mormons were taken prisoners and are now confined and guarded in the court house at Carthage.

The people had all fled from Carthage, Augusta, and other anti-Mormon towns, and carried their families into the counties of Adams, Marquette, Schuyler, and McDonough, and are beating up for volunteers in those counties, to recruit their forces, with which to renew the war. It is unknown how many men they will be able to raise; but it is believed that they have so disgraced themselves by the incendiary mode in which they have carried on the war, that their success will not be very great. But if they succeed, another bloody battle may be expected, in the course of this week.

Before this news arrived the Governor had issued a call for five hundred men to quell the disturbances.

We are advised that it is a fact that no letters have been received at this place from any of the Mormon party since the commencement of these troubles, except one from a very obscure man in Nauvoo, and another from McDonough county, and no newspapers. It is rumored that the mails have been stopped and there is a story afloat that one mail carrier has been murdered. No messenger has arrived from all that section of country until to-day, when a committee arrived from Mt. Sterling.

Every good citizen must regret this state of things. From the information in our possession, it would seem that this attack on the Mormons was wholly unprovoked and uncalculated for, and no doubt originated with persons too lazy to do any thing but rob and plunder. We have not a single sympathy with the tenets of the Mormons; but we do contend that while they demean themselves peaceably, they have a right to the protection of the laws. Because a few fanatics among them occasionally "act the fool," it does not invest the mob with the right of inflicting punishment or assuming to be executors of the law, even if no outrage be committed. We have noticed for some time the inflammatory language of several of the Illinois presses, and could apprehend none other than an outbreak. Their appeals to the lowest and basest passions, entertained only by men without reason or reflection, for no other purpose than to gratify private spleen or supposed personal wrong, or perhaps real wrong, argues only extreme cowardice in every thing that makes a man. We hope that the authorities will spare no pains to have justice done in the premises, let the consequences be what they may.

POSTSCRIPT.

Thursday afternoon, 5 o'clock. Our Postmaster has just handed us the following:

MACDONOUGH, ILL., Sept. 17, 1845.

Dear Sir—As the mail was in Carthage this evening, and the deputy Postmaster was changing the mail, an armed force of some forty persons walked up and pointed their guns at him, and threatened to

shoot him if he stirred away. They took him towards Warsaw, in the neighborhood of which a large mob is burning buildings, grain, &c., and left the mail in the hands of the mob. The charge against him was, that he was ordered not to change the mail again, and he did not mind.

The Postmaster, Chauncey Robinson, was driven out of the county also. His life was threatened.

These acts of violence are committed by a party styling themselves Anti-Mormons.

I give you this information that something may be done. The driver knows some of the persons in the riot. I may not have the privilege of changing the mail again myself.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. E. JOHNSON, P. M.

P. S. There is a mob burning every Mormon's house and grain in the county, and several lives have been lost. I may not be permitted to mail another letter.

PURCHASE OF THE ISLAND OF CUBA.—A large meeting was held in St. Clair county, Illinois, at which the following resolution, offered by the Hon. John Reynolds, late Governor of the State, and for many years a distinguished member of Congress, was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved that the chair appoint five persons to an adjourned session of this meeting, on the propriety of passing an act of Congress to authorize the President to Purchase the Island of Cuba, with the consent of the white population thereof."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM TAMPIOCO OF 23RD AUGUST, RECEIVED IN THIS CITY.—There is a good deal of sickness here, but not so fatal as usual. Gen. Paredes has an army of 8000 devoted followers. Of them, 2000 are on their way to this place, and with the remaining 6000 he is marching to the capital, for the purpose, as is supposed, of supplanting the newly chosen President. There is a rumor that Santa Ana is concealed in the country, but no one knows where.

Every one here deems it impossible until within a very few days, for this government to avoid a declaration of war against the United States—yet no one thinks the country in a condition for war, and the general opinion of all the Americans in Tampico is, there will be no war.—*Courier.*

China!

The Journal of Commerce has late news from China, from which we condense the following. In the Honan province, an earthquake destroyed ten thousand houses and upwards of four thousand people were killed. A great fire occurred at Canton, commencing in a match house while a theatrical entertainment was going on. Some thirty houses were destroyed, and not less than two thousand people were burnt to death. Many were awfully burned who still lived.

GOLD MINE OF GAUDALUPE, IN THE TOWN OF COSAGO, IN MEXICO.—This is supposed to be the richest mine in the world. It belongs to Signor Yriarte, who refuses to work it to any great degree of productiveness, because he could not dispose of the immense revenue it would yield, amounting to several millions of dollars. He has now far more than he wants, and says that his money is "safest under ground." We think he had "better let it be" at present. Some Hoosier will find out how to dispose of it and work it, too, one of these days, if Don Bluster is not careful.

The Louisville Journal finds fault with the following paragraph, which it attributes to a democratic journal:

We publish a communication to-day, because this press is free—not because we agree with the doctrine advanced by the author. We are in favor of removals from office for opinion's sake; it is one of the first articles in our political creed. If we had our way in this matter, there should not be a single federalist kept in office twenty-four hours. It is treachery to the democratic party to feed our political enemies.

We go the same doctrine, and consider the keeping a whig in office of the same character as their acts of burning blue lights and otherwise encouraging the enemies of the country. With Gen. Washington, we believe it "political suicide." The only redeeming trait of 1840 whiggery was in practising the same doctrine as long as they could. Turn out every mother's son of them, say we.

CORRESPONDENCE.

VEVAY, IND., Sept. 24, 1845.

MESSES. CHAPMAN.—I am much pained to see the controversies going on against you and many leading and distinguished Democrats in Indiana, through the columns of such papers as the Political Beacon, published by Major John P. Dunn, at Lawrenceburg.

It does appear to me that the Major's course is the height of imprudence and folly, at a time when the Democracy of Indiana have need of union and harmony to sustain themselves, after the succession of victories which they have achieved in 1843, '44, '45, and which they would continue to achieve for a succession of years, if such discreet men as the Major and perhaps others in and about this seat of Government, would be content that the party, or a majority of the party, should select the men who are to fill the various offices and stations of honor and trust; even though their favorites, particular friends, or even they themselves should be superseded, they have to bear their time. It does appear to me that one or two papers in the Democratic ranks, to pursue the course of the Major, would do more harm to the party than twenty, yes a hundred of the most rabid Federal papers could in a century.

But I feel assured of one thing—that is, that the Democrats in the Legislature this winter will select a good and true Democrat as U. S. Senator—not one of your milk and water politicians, who would sacrifice party and principle, to attain his end.

In 1843, Major Dunn in his Beacon said not a word to refute the many slanders and lies with which the Federal papers teemed, against Whitcomb and Bright, as he asserted, for fear of interfering with the local question in Dearborn county. But as his course towards those two distinguished champions of the Democratic cause since then, has been any thing but courteous, or such as to show that he was friendly to them, I, for one, conclude that it would not have been a very hard matter to have procured his services in the Whig ranks at that time. In this I may err; but such is my opinion from the course he has taken.

For my own part, if I had a vote in the Legislature this winter for U. S. Senator, I should without any instructions from the party of my country give that vote for James Whitcomb; and if I should be a Delegate in the Convention on the 8th of January next, I should most certainly vote for the nomination of Jesse D. Bright as the Democratic candidate for Governor, and some thorough-going Democrat for Lt. Governor.

I have heard but one sentiment as yet among the Democrats of this county in relation to a new Democratic party at Indianapolis, and that is, in opposition to the project.

Very respectfully yours,

PERU, IND., Sept. 20, 1845.

DEAR SIR.—I am, I assure you, heartily glad to see the Democracy of the State standing by you in the hour of need; as is evinced by the Democratic papers from all sections. Humbly Morrison will find it not so easy a matter to alienate the party from any portion or from you, I assure you the feeling here, when the news of the plan of undermining you arrived, was to sustain you at all hazards. I joined in it from the bottom of my heart. You have done more than any man in the State is doing the party its present property, and I go for your paper heart and soul.

Sincerely your friend,

THE LANCASTER EAGLE says that the citizens of that place have determined to build a rail road to Columbus, there to intersect the road by Xenia to Cincinnati. The estimated cost is \$130,000, and one gentleman has proffered to take \$20,000 of the stock.

The Mexican and Texian—The Barbarity of the one and the Chivalry of the other.

From the N. Y. Globe.

The enemies of Texas and the Annexation of Texas have long indulged in violent abuse of the Texians, have neglected no occasion to denounce the revolutionary movement of Texas as vile rebellion, and even now look upon Annexation as a violation of international law and an usurpation of the rights of Mexico. It was not enough that the people of Texas as had protested against the treaty made with Great Britain in 1819, by which that country and its people were sold to a monarchical Government—it was not enough that when Mexico subsequently became independent of the Spanish crown, (and by the efforts of the Texians, too,) the promise of a constitutional Government was not fulfilled, and a military despotism, despotic restrictions and tyrannical laws established—it was not enough that the Texians inheriting the spirit and patriotism and independence of the Norman Saxon race, and following the example of their fathers in our revolution, took up arms, and against fearful odds, achieved their liberty—it was not enough that the national existence of Texas was recognized by our Government and by the great European powers—it was not enough that for eight years Texas was, de facto and de jure, a Government of herself, defying the power of Mexico, though the object of the uncivilized and cowardly marauding of Mexican banditti; all these facts were not sufficient to awaken a patriotic throb in the bosom of Federalism or suppress the opposition of a few selfish and faithless partisans, who thought they saw in the great national question of Annexation a loss of influence, power and place. No! The Texians were rebels—Texas was a Botany Bay—the receptacle of all things lost on earth,—superfluous abuse and denunciation have distinguished the opposition to Texas and Texas Annexation. This very question of Annexation determined the result of the last Presidential election, and in that result and the circumstances which preceded it, we witness the irresistible power of the popular will. Leaders of party—mere politicians who study with ninety political chances, with no regard to measures or stationed in seemingly all powerful, fell as chaff before the wind when the people spoke. Results deemed inevitable did not take place—Henry Clay was not elected and James K. Polk was not defeated. It was Texas—the Annexation of Texas—the addition of an Empire to the Republic and the re-union of a People who should never have been dis severed from us—that awakened the popular impulse and gave life, animation, action, to the Republican hosts. Thus will it ever be, and thus may it ever be, when "great" men would restrain the national desire.

But we ask our readers, that they may be better satisfied of the injustice which the opponents of Annexation have rendered the people of Texas, not to say treachery to our national interests, our national institutions, to the progress of our national glory, and to the curtailment of European influence on this continent, to read the extracts which form the body of this article. They are taken from the book, soon to be issued by the Harpers, written by Gen. Green, of Texas, commander of the Meir expedition and a prisoner for a long time in the castle of Perote. These extracts show the inhuman and unexampled barbarity of the Mexicans, and the noble, republican, Norman Saxon chivalry of the Texians. They will show the kind of sympathy we should have for the Mexicans—they will start the blood of every friend of liberty and humanity—and shame, if that be possible, those cold and callous partisans who would have postponed annexation until "some future period," and permitted, in the interim, Texas to be overrun, and her men, women and children slaughtered. What follows is an extract relating to the decimation and the shooting of every tenth Texian taken prisoner at the Meir battle:

On the 24th marched eleven leagues. On the 25th marched early, and arrived at the Salado about 2 o'clock, P. M. Soon after they arrived, our men received the melancholy intelligence that they were to be decimated, and each tenth man shot.

It was now too late to resist this horrible order. Our men were closely ironed and drawn up in front of their guards, with arms raised, and the Countey had known it previously they would have again charged their guards, and made them dearly pay for this last perfidious breach of national faith. It was now too late! A manly gloom and a proud defiance pervaded all countenances. They had but one alternative, and that was to invoke their country's vengeance upon their murderers, consign their souls to God, and die like men. Could those men have been so manly as to yield up their lives for their country, have known that their President had endorsed their execution by the most villainous of all falsehoods, declaring their brigands—great God! what would have been their feelings!

The decimator, Colonel Domingo Huerta, who was especially nominated to this black deed after Governor Mexico refused its execution, had arrived at Salado ahead of our men. The "Red-Cap" company were to be the executioners; those men whose lives had been so humanely spared by our men at this place on the 11th of February.

The decimation took place by the drawing of black and white beans from a small earthen mug. The white ones signified exemption, and the black, death. One hundred and fifty-nine white beans were placed in the bottom of the mug and seventeen black ones placed upon the top of them. The beans were well stirred, and had so slight a shake that it was perfectly clear they had not been mixed together. Such was their anxiety to shoot Capt. Cameron, and perhaps the balance of the officers, that first Cameron, and afterwards they, were made to draw a bean each from the mug in this condition.

The opposite place, sketched by Charles McLaughlin, who was an eye-witness, and so fortunate as to draw clear, represents the gallant Cameron in the act of drawing first. He said, with his usual coolness, "Well, boys, we have to draw, let's be at it!" so saying he thrust his hand into the mug, and drew out a white bean. Next came Col. Wm. F. Wilson, who was chained to him; then Capt. Wm. Ryan, and then Judge F. M. Gibson, all of whom drew white beans. Next came Capt. Eastland, who drew the first black one, and then came the balance of the company. They expressed great dissatisfaction at the result, and some of them showed their superior to their condition. Some of lighter temper jested over the bloody tragedy. One would say, "Boys, this beats raffling all to pieces," another would say, "that this is the tallest gambling screw I ever was in," and such like remarks. Some showed a change of countenance; and as the black bean failed to depress, so did the white fail to elate. The knocking off of the iron from the decimator alone told who they were. Poor Robert Beard, who lay upon the ground near by, exceedingly ill, and nearly exhausted from his forced marches and sufferings, called his brother William, who was bringing him a cup of water, and said, "Brother, if you draw a black bean, I'll take your place; I want to die." The brother, with overwhelming anguish, said, "No! I will keep my own place; I am stronger, and better able to die than you." These noble youths both drew clear, but both soon after died, leaving this last Roman legacy to their venerable parents in Texas. Several of the Mexican officers who officiated in this cruel violation of their country's faith, expressed great dissatisfaction thereto, and some wept bitterly. Soon after, the fated were placed in a separate court-yard, where, about dark, they were executed.

Several of our men were permitted to visit the unfortunate prisoners to the execution, to receive their dying requests. Poor Major Cooke, when he first drew the fatal bean, held it up between his fore-finger and thumb, and with a smile of contempt, said, "Boys, I told you so; I never failed in my life to draw a prize!" and then he said to Judge Gibson, "Well, Judge, say to my friends that I died in grace." The Judge, much affected at this last sad parting, showed it from his tears. The Major replied, "They only rob me of forty years," and then sat down and wrote a sensible and dignified letter of remembrance to Gen. Waddy Thompson, the United States Minister in Mexico; and knowing that his remains would be robbed of his clothes after his death, drew off his pantaloons, handed them to his surviving comrades, and died in his under-clothes.

Poor Henry Whiting, one of Cameron's best fighters, as he drew his black bean, said, with as bright a look as ever lighted man's countenance, "Well, they don't make much of it, any how, for I know I have killed twenty-five of the yellow-bellies," then he demanded his dinner in a firm tone, and saying that "they shall not cheat me out of it," he ate heartily, smoked a cigar, and in twenty minutes after, was launched into eternity! The Mexicans said that this man had the biggest heart of any they ever saw. They shot him fifteen times before he expired!

Poor Torrey, quite a youth, but in spirit a giant, said that "he was perfectly willing to sacrifice his life for the glory of his country he had fought, and for her glory he was willing to die;" and turning to the officer, said, "After the battle of San Jacinto, my family took one of your prisoner youths, raised and educated him, and this is our requital."

Edward Este spoke of his fate with the coolest indifference, and said that he would rather be shot than dragged along in this manner. Cash said, "Well, they murdered my brother with Col. Fannin, and they are about to murder me."

J. L. Jones said to the interpreter, "Tell the officer to look upon men who are not afraid to die for their country."

Captain Eastland behaved with the most patriotic dignity; he desired that his country should not particularly avenge his death, but for her own honor he implored her never to lay down her arms until the most ample reparation and her unconditional freedom should be secured. He said, "I know that some have thought me timid, but thank God! death has no terrors for me." Major Robert Dunham said "he was prepared to die, and would to God that he had a chance to do the same thing over again; and he gloried in the consciousness that he had made, which showed Texans without arms to be more than equal to Mexicans with them." James Ogden, with his usual equanimity of temper, smiled at his fate, and said, "I am prepared."

Young Robert W. Harris behaved in the most unflinching manner, and called upon his companions to avenge the murder, while their flowing tears and bursting hearts, invoking heaven for their witness, responded to the call. I have the utmost confidence that this pledge, so solemnly pledged, will be redeemed.

They one and all invoked their country to do both them and herself justice. Capt. Cameron, in taking his leave of these brave men, and particularly of Turnbull, a brother Scotchman, with whom he had been in many dangers, wept bitterly, and implored the officers to execute him and spare his men.

Just previous to the firing they were bound together with cords, and their eyes being bandaged, they were set upon a log near the wall, with their backs to their executioners. They all begged the officer to shoot them in front, and at a short distance; that "they were not afraid to look death in the face." They refused; and to make his cruelty as refined as possible, fired at several places, and continued the firing from ten to twelve minutes, increasing and mangle these heroes in a manner too horrible for description.

Our interpreter, who was permitted to remain with them to the last, says that fifteen times they wound that iron-nerved soul, Henry Whaling; and it would seem that Providence had a special care in prolonging his existence, that he might demonstrate to his enemies the national character they had to contend with; for he died with his teeth and clenched in terms of withering reproach, until they placed a gun to his head and blew his brains against the wall. Such was the effect of this horrible massacre upon their own soldiers, who were stationed as a guard upon the wall above, that one of them fainted, and came near falling over, but was caught by his comrades.

During the martyrdom of these noble patriots, the main body of our men were separated from them by a stone wall of some fifteen feet high, and heard their last agonized groans with feelings of which it would be mockery to attempt the description. The next morning, as they were marched on the road to Mexico, they passed the mangled bodies of their dead comrades, whose bones now lie bleaching upon the plains of Salado, a perishing remembrance of exalted patriotism, but a lasting one of the infamy of their President, Sam Houston, who caused them to be falsely executed as robbers and marauders upon Mexico.

Thirty days had now elapsed and the bloody appetites of the Mexicans increased. The gallant Capt. Cameron was doomed, even though he had passed the ordeal of drawing a "white" bean instead of a "black" one. Who can read the simple recital of the murder of Cameron and the nobility of his death and remain unmoved?

Thirty days after the horrible murder of our seven countrymen at Salado on the 24th of March, the main body of the survivors were marched on the road to the capital, a distance of five hundred miles, under suffering the most cruel, which killed several; and many others, being unable to travel, were left in the hospitals of San Luis Potosi, Dolores, and San Juan del Rio, from which miserable sinks but few ever returned. The fever and swelling of the roads, and all reasonable bounds to detail the actual suffering of these men; indeed, language would give the reader but a poor idea of these sad recollections. Thus, after thirty days' march, they arrived at the village of Huehuetoca, seven leagues from the city of Mexico, where they were crowded together in a room too small to permit of their lying down, and to which no fresh air could enter, the door being closed. In a very little time the air became so impure, from the exhaustion of the oxygen, that the candles went out, and respiration became exceedingly difficult. They in vain appealed to the guards at the door to let in fresh air, and when death the most cruel stared them wholesale in the face, as a last alternative they had recourse to cutting holes in the door with their pocket knives, and alternately breathing at these small orifices.